

in front and opened on the enemy, throwing shell right into their midst and producing quite a stir among them.

then a wild shot from the enemy's artillery. Our forces now made the railroad their line of battle, and about half-past two o'clock the enemy opened a heavy fire on our artillery front. They finally succeeded by overwhelming numbers, in reaching the railroad, but the Twenty-first, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh South Carolina regiments, and the General's Hagoards, stood firm and drove the enemy pell-mell back to their line.

The fighting continued until about four o'clock, and was for the greater portion of the day. The Twenty-first, Twenty-fifth and South Carolinians driving everything before them. Men never could have fought better. In this fight Col. Graham, of the Twenty-fifth, was killed, and in other places, not very severely, however, and Col. Freely, of the Twenty-Fifth, was shot through the left arm, very near the shoulder joint. Lieut. Dargan, of the Twenty-fifth, was killed, and Lieut. Wm. Stoney, of Gen. Hagood's staff, supposed to be mortally wounded. The Lieut-Col. of the Twenty-seventh was severely wounded in the head.

Ritlander, General Bushrod Johnson, and

H. Hill was on the ground.

Our loss in killed and wounded was about one hundred and fifty or two hundred at the farthest, and we lost very few if any prisoners. The enemy's loss was represented by the prisoners we captured to be very heavy, but less than two hundred.

The number of the enemy engaged was twelve or fifteen thousand.

On Sunday morning it was discovered that the enemy had fallen back the previous night, leaving our force undisputed possession of the battle-field, and leaving a portion of their dead and wounded on the field.

A quantity of baggage was left by the enemy, and some of our men who were sent to retrieve the field, picked up several articles of

One soldier, we learn, found a thousand dollars in greenbacks on the body of a dead Yankee. By some means, whether accidental or otherwise is not known, the woods took fire on Saturday night, and, no doubt, several of the enemy's wounded were burned to death, as our pickets could hear their piteous groans throughout the night as the fire approached them.

A couple of deserters, belonging to a New York regiment, were brought in yesterday. They are intelligent and fine looking. They represent that there is over four hundred dollars bounty money due them, and that

They are dead and they are no more. They say that great dissatisfaction exists in the army, and that the chief cause is the negro army of several thousand being in the army now at Bermuda Hundreds. These men declare that the fighting at Port Waltham Junction on Saturday was terrible, and that they suffered very severely.

Gen. Heckman's orderly was killed by his side, his horse was shot under him, and the fingers of one hand were shot off. They say that Butler was in command, and Gillmore was on the field. The impression prevails throughout the army that General Beauregard was in command. Butler came

Saturday morning, stating that Grant had gained a great victory over Lee; had driven him twenty miles, and at last accounts was still driving him. This lying announcement was received with the utmost outburst of approval.

AFFAIRS ALONG THE SOUTH BANK OF THE RIVER.—The enemy have occupied Hood's position on James River, better known as Fort Powhatan. This is about twenty miles below City Point, and would be a most capital position for heavy artillery, the river at this point being very narrow. The enemy are digging the south simultaneously, and the banks very high and precipitous. The place is now occupied by two regiments of

The enemy's gun-boats patrol the Appoco river from Port Wailhail to the mouth a few miles up the river, shelling on both sides every spot likely to afford cover to a party of grey-water backs. On Friday two of the enemy's gun-boats got aground opposite the residence of our direction.

had not been gotten off. The enemy were wasting a vast deal of ammunition in that direction yesterday, and it was doubtless for the purpose of protecting these ground-
ed craft from "masked batteries."

Major Harrison, of Gen. Pickett's staff, while reconnoitering yesterday in the vicinity of City Point, was suddenly surprised by a party of Yankee pickets, and pursued for some distance. The Major finally succeeded in eluding his pursuers by leaping under a log and seeking safety in the dense woods from whence he withdrew. He was left to a place of safety. He lost his horse as did also a courier who was with him.

Curious Illustration of Bad Taste

About fifteen years ago, it happened in a certain country of Europe, that the Inspector General of garrisons, while visiting a provincial town, observed a sentinel stationed at a little distance outside the walls, keeping guard over some ruined buildings in the suburbs. The General inquired of the sentinel with some curiosity why he was posted there. The sentinel referred him to his sergeant. The sergeant had nothing to say but that such were the orders of his lieutenant. The lieutenant justified himself under the authority of the

On being applied to for his reasons for the standing order in question, the commanding officer informed the Inspector general with much seriousness, that his predecessor in office had handed down to him the custom, as one of the military duties of the place. A search was immediately instituted in the archives of the municipality, the result of which was to obtain satisfactory proof that for the last seventy years, a sentinel had always stood over the ruined buildings in the same manner. With a waned interest

capital. He there set on foot a more elaborate investigation among the State documents of the minister of war. After long delay it was at last discovered that the ruined building of the faubourg had been, in 1720, a storehouse for mattresses belonging to the garrison, and in the course of that summer it became desirable to repaint the door. While the paint was wet, a guard was placed outside to warn those who went in and out; but, before the paint was dry, it came to pass that the officer on duty was

left the town without remembering to remove the sentinel. For a hundred and thirty years a guard of honor has constantly remained over the door—a sacred and inviolate tradition, but one which represented at bottom no higher idea than the idea of wet paint.—*London Review*.

THOS C. WARE. MILTON SAYLER

WARE & SAYLER

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

Office, No. 41 West Third Street,
Cincinnati, O.

meb394-12